THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LVII.

PARIS, February 21, 1806.

I AM at length, my ——— ———, able to write to you from Paris, where we have passed three months, which have been pretty well filled up. I have, as usual, kept a regular journal of every thing we have seen and done, and have it open upon the table before me—but before I speak of Paris, I must give you some idea of our journey from Geneva. It was, I forget what day, in the last week of October, that we left Secheron, with heavy hearts at the thought of quitting F. ———, but yielding to the necessity of turning our faces homewards, and not sorry that Paris lay in our way. There was a melancholy group to pass through on our way to the carriage—it consisted of our faithful housekeeper, who had been also our cook; of the chairman who used to rub our floors; of the blanchisseuse, you will allow it to be a much prettier name than washer-woman; of the little sempstress that had worked for us; of the gardener and the gardener's wife—they were, all of them, I really believe, sorry to part with us, and the women showed it in their eyes: we left them, however, the sort of consolation which, as Cervantes says, was so efficacious in allaying the grief of Don Quixote's family, and the probability is, that they were not inconsolable. As it was late when we set out, we went no farther than Nion, of which I have more than once given you some account, I believe, in my excursions through La Cote—it was once a Roman station, and while the waters of the lake protected the right flank of the garrison, their left was defended by a wall, which extended to the foot of Mount Jura: some remains of this, I am told, might be still traced; but I am surprised how any one can ever have mistaken them for the vestiges of the work which Cæsar threw

up to prevent the incursions of the Helvetii. He himself tells us, that the contest took place partly on the water, which could not have been the case in an attack upon the wall between Nion and the Jura, nor would Cæsar have ordered the bridge of Geneva to be destroyed had it been in his rear. Travellers are too frequently satisfied with relating what others have related before them. I am convinced that I have seen twenty books of travels, in which it is asserted, that the waters of the Rhone remain distinct from those of the lake of Geneva, though nothing can be more remote from the truth—had it been true, I could not have wished a better emblem of the union with France. At Nion, the road to Paris turns suddenly to the north-east, crosses the Jura by the village of St. Sergne, after a long, but not very rapid ascent, and passes by Morèe and Poligny, towards Dijon. You may easily conceive how frequently I stopt as I was ascending towards St. Sergne, and looked back upon the beautiful country which I was never again to behold after that day, and upon the lake, with Geneva at the extremity of it, and upon the Alps surrounded by Mont Blanc. At a small distance from St. Sergne, we entered the country formerly known by the name of Franche Comté, which now together with a portion of ancient Burgundy, forms the modern department of Jura; a country of lofty mountains, and of immense forests, poor to appearance, but rich in inexhaustible mines of iron ore; in quarries of stone; in salt springs; in lime; in rapid streams, so easily rendered subservient to the purposes of art, and beyond all, in the temperance and activity, and well-understood industry of its inhabitants.—You will see in Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV how easily this country was taken from the king of Spain, to whom it had descended from Charles V; he had inherited it from his grandfather Maximilian, who received it in marriage with the heiress of the house of Burgundy.

The village of Morée, where we stopt for an hour or two, may be considered as the commercial metropolis of these mountains—It is situated in a deep valley, the bare and perpendicular sides of which rise to the height of 1200 feet, leaving only room enough at bottom for two rows of houses and a narrow street, which is the high road to Paris—but the animating genius of Industry, guided by Ingenuity, resides in this apparently sequestered spot; the little stream which in former times covered the valley, is now restrained to a narrow channel, and is rendered useful in twenty different ways: it sets a variety of mills in motion, and is the principal instrument of plenty, and even of opulence to a district that could not otherwise perhaps, have maintained its inhabitants for four days in a year. Poligny, which is the last town the traveller passes through on his way to Dijon, is at the termination of the mountainous part of Jura, and at the foot of a very high hill, not less perhaps than 1000 or 1200 feet, and presents a very singular appearance. We arrived on the eminence which overhangs the town, about sunset; the fogs had already covered the plains below, and they exhibited what might have seemed an immense ocean, and such they really were in all probability, some centuries ago, if we may judge at least by the marine fossils which appear in the side of the winding terrace that leads down to Poligny. On the other side, and of a clear day, the traveller might suppose himself on the Italian side of the Alps—every species of vegetation in the highest cultivation, with here and there a canal, and rows or clusters of poplar, with one never-ending plain, present a perfect resemblance of Lombardy, while the bilious countenances of the peasantry bespeak the price they pay for the advantages which nature has bestowed upon them; I should prefer the solitude and almost eternal winter of the mountains, or even the laborious life of the middle country, where wine

is made in some places at an expense of manual labour that our negroes in South Carolina would certainly sink under; for manure, and frequently the soil itself, is to be carried up several hundred feet on the shoulders of the cultivator. Figure to yourself a peasant setting out from his native village in the valley, of a winter's morning, to get fuel for his family, and making up a parcel of it, which he confines in a sort of rude sledge, on the brink of some neighbouring mountain; he then takes his station on the load, so that he can touch the ground at pleasure with his feet, and committing himself to a narrow, winding, slippery path, and frequently of beaten snow, and generally bordered from place to place by precipices, he gets back to his family with almost ærial velocity. Others again live in villages, on the top of some naked hill, and are obliged to repair to the forest on the neighbouring mountain, in quest of wood, this they throw down some precipice and afterwards carry home upon their shoulders. The proverb of the country is, that wood warms a man twice. Their winter in those parts of Jura are very long, and the snow frequently accumulates in such a manner that they have no means of egress from their houses, but by the chimney, from which they may be seen sallying upon occasion, with snow shoes, to prevent their sinking. People so situated pay, I presume, no idle visits, and their fare is not such as would tempt one to ask hospitality: it consists of bread baked at the setting in of the winter, very ordinary cheese, and a little smoked beef for particular and very great occasions; their drink is of the same humble description, and when best, is but a sort of cider, made of wild apples, mixed with all the various sorts of berries which the woods afford: surely our negroes are better off. Of this interesting country, its lakes and mountains, its streams and forests, its towns, castles, and ancient convents, and of all that can engage the attention of the natural philosopher and the agriculturist, Mr. Lequinio, whose name I have frequently mentioned to you, has composed two interesting volumes; and it were to be wished, that his talents of observation could now be as well directed to the neighbourhood of Edgefield Court House, in South Carolina, where he has found repose after the tumults of a life long agitated by the storms and horrours of the French revolution. I remember travelling through this very country of Franche Comté thirty-two years ago, and having been tired of hills and valleys, and of what appeared an uninteresting uniformity; had I possessed as good a guide as Mr. Lequinio, and that little degree of knowledge which I have since been able to acquire, and which is essentially necessary in order to understand in some measure, and to admire the wonders of nature and the works of art, I might have employed some weeks to great advantage and very agreeably; I would have visited their mines and salt works, and their various manufactories, from the forge to the watch-maker's shop; have observed their improvements in agriculture and irrigation, and have inquired into their modes of life and domestick comforts, from the cluster of families who reside under one common roof with their cattle, in the pure air of the mountains, to the manufacturer in the village, who gives to iron and to steel all the forms they admit of, or the wants of mankind require, and even to the solitary miller at the source of the Seille, who never, even for a moment, in the longest days of summer, can enjoy the vivifying rays of the sun, or scarcely ever behold from his deep recess, any of the celestial bodies but the north star. The summer of the lofty mountains, though short, is sufficient for a crop of barley, oats and potatoes, some hay is also made, and the natural herbage affords pasturage to great numbers of cows, who are driven up from the vallies—80 cows give 50 lb. of cheese a day when the grass is at its best, besides which the milking of the evening is made to

produce 5 lb. of butter—at the commencement and at the end of the season, the produce is much less. A considerable revenue is derived from ponds, and their management of the fish is such as our industry and attention in America, will hardly attain in a century—the young fish produced from a certain number of carp, which have been placed in a primary pond for that purpose, as deer are in a park, are taken out at a certain age and tranferred to a second pond, in order to attain a sufficient size, and to prevent their being straitened for provisions, or embarrassed with the care of a family, one pike is put in at the same time for every ten carp; he grows up with them, if I may use the expression, without having it in his power, or perhaps in his inclination to injure them, but he shows no pity for their offspring; from the second pond the carp are moved at a certain period into a third, where they are regularly fed and prepared for market.

Even the dogs in this industrious country, are rendered useful; they learn to work in a wheel, as well as a horse or an ass, and are made to set the bellows in motion in the greater part of the forges and blacksmiths' shops. The people, without much information, are in general sagacious and sensible; and I cannot, perhaps, finish my account better than by giving from Mr. Lequinio a proof of those qualities in a blind beggar. He had for many years held his station on the side of the high road, at some distance from his native village, and had exercised his powers of oratory so successfully, or told so piteous a tale, that he had been able to lay by a sum of 100 hundred crowns; as it was in the time of the revolution, he did not know but that some domiciliary visit in search of emigrants, or the fraternal embrace of some passing soldier, might lead to the discovery of his treasure if he kept it at home, and therefore buried it beneath a large stone at the foot of a tree, resolving to indulge himself as seldom as possible, in the delight of feeling it, and never to pay the accustomed visit but at night: 100 crowns was a sum unheard of in the annals of mendicity; it promised him a comfortable retreat in his old age, and could not be too carefully concealed. At length, one fatal night, he found the stone removed, the hole empty, and the treasure fled. To have torn his hair, or beaten his breast would have answered no good purpose; he did better, he revolved in his mind all he had learnt in the neighbourhood for sometime past that could be any way connected with his misfortune, and he remembered that the landlord of the little inn, in the village, was said to rise frequently of a night, and to go the rounds of his field and garden in order to keep off marauders. The landlord, therefore, might have seen him on a visit to his treasure, and might have followed him; but how was he to ascertain the truth of his suspicion, or how was he to recover his money? I defy you to guess, unless you have very lately read a fable of Lafontaine, and not to admire his ingenuity. Retiring as usual, from his stand, he called as he had sometimes done, for a cup of wine at the door of the little inn, and begged to speak a word with the landlord in private. I am come, sir, said the beggar, to solicit your advice, for the world is loud in your praises, and to request you would direct me where I could best place out of the reach of all discovery, in these dangerous times, a sum that Heaven has been pleased to crown my exertions with—I have 200 crowns in two separate bags, one of them is buried in a place known only to myself, and which I never visit, and the other I have at home; if I put them together, the whole may be lost in one moment; and if I separate them there are two chances to one of my losing at least the half, for people have an idea of money being concealed by emigrants, and are frequently on the search. My honest friend, said the landlord, I am glad to learn that you are so well off, and thank you for the confidence you

place in me—you have found a place, you say, known only to yourself, where one of your bags has been long safe; take my word for it, such places are not often to be procured, and so the best thing you can do is to put your second bag there. I will, said the beggar, without fail, if I live till tomorrow night; he then retired, with many thanks to the landlord; and rising as usual, before day the next morning, repaired to the well-known tree, where we may conceive his delight at finding his dearly-beloved treasure at the bottom of the hole, where he had originally placed it: the landlord, who was really the thief, as the beggar had divined, had lost no time in replacing the first bag, in order to create a confidence which might procure him the second. Though we were now in the highest part of France, which may be presumed from the direction of the various streams we passed; yet the country we travelled through from Poligny, through Dole and Auxonne to Dijon, consisted principally of extensive meadows, in which I saw no appearance of drains or banks; the rise and fall of the river is so great, in all probability, as to render the first unnecessary, and the others useless. The low grounds of the Garonne are very preferable, and afford a much more agreeable prospect. At Auxonne the works were still entire, but there was a silence and solitude within, which contrasted singularly with the external military appearance: it is on the banks of the Saone, and in a country of fine pasturage, and consequently of fever and ague. In rising from the low grounds of the other side, we were still upon a level plain; the meadows of former times no doubt, before the river had made itself so deep a bed, and passed through well-cultivated fields, to Dijon. We rested here a day, and found ourselves in one of the cleanest and best built towns in France, and with the singular accommodation of side pavements. In losing its parliament and its university, Dijon has been deprived of its two principal sources of prosperity; for though it still possesses manufactories and the advantage of the canal of Burgundy, it is considered as going to decay. The environs, which are diversified by an appearance of gentle hills, were formerly inhabited by people of fortune, who were principally of the robe; nearly all of them were swept away by the torrent of the revolution, and are now deeply regretted by those very peasantry, who were so misled at the time, as to exult in their destruction. Dijon was the capital of Burgundy, one of the most fertile of the ancient provinces of France, and famous for its wine. It had been erected into a dutchy by one of the earlier kings of France, and again in the year , by John, in favour of his fourth son, Philip, who had so gallantly shared his fortunes at the battle of Poitiers. It required many years of intestine troubles, and frequent returns of the same disastrous events, before the monarchs of France could be brought to discontinue a practice so fatal to the happiness and prosperity of the nation. The descendants of Philip proved troublesome neighbours to France, and were the principal promoters of those intestine dissensions which so considerably facilitated the success of Henry, of England. They ended at length, I mean the descendants of Philip, in that ill-advised unfortunate Charles the rash, who fell a victim to the arts of Lewis XI, and to the valour of the Swiss: as he left no son, the fief of Burgundy reverted to the crown, and was never afterwards separated from it. For some days past, a rumour of the astonishing events in Germany, had begun to reach us, but it was against the pillar of a church in Dijon, that I first read an authentick account of the affair of Ulm, where a veteran army of sixty thousand men had suffered an enemy to approach by detachments, till he became strong enough to afford them some pretext for capitulating: till now the war had been unpopular, and a great deal had been said of fruitless contests, the off-

spring of unprofitable and headstrong ambition, of increasing taxes, of the youth, the flower of the country consumed by conscription, and of all those evils which war carries in its train. But one bulletin after another, filled with such accounts as had never before gratified the vanity of the vainest of all nations; and the courier passing almost daily with the ornaments and emblems of victory, soon produced a change of language; the war was now just and honourable; nothing could resist France, and the emperour was the greatest man in the world. He certainly is, in many respects, a great man, but he has great advantages in ruling over a people, who as implicitly believe and admire all he says, as a company of children do the fine stories that are related by the master of a raree-show, as they look through the magnifying glass of his box; the one exhibits to his simple audience, an exact representation of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, or of the Court of Constantinople; and the other tells the nation of an avowal with respect to the origin of the war made by the Emperour of Austria, and of a capitulation granted to the sovereign of Russia; and they believe him, as they did afterwards, that a few vessels only had been lost at Trafalgar, and in consequence of a gale of wind. Their conduct with respect to the present campaign, reminded me of a pack of hounds going out sluggishly and limping along of a cold morning, with two or three whippers in at their heels, who are all fire and uproar as soon as the game is started, and they hear the shout of the huntsmen. My intention had been to go from Dijon to Troyes, but we were told that the roads were bad and hilly, though turnpikes are every where established, and were advised to pass through —— and Auxonne, as the nearest and best road to Paris. I should have liked to go by Troyes, it would have done me good to have seen what remained of the castle where Henry V of England, was acknowledged regent of France, and where he was married to the fair Catharine, the beauty of her time. I do not believe that the conversation which passed between the lovers, was by any means such as Shakspeare has related it; Henry was even less polished than the poet makes him, and would never submit to any sort of constraint: upon the Duke of Burgundy's adverting, with all due submission, to some step which he thought the monarch should take, and particularly, if he wished to be allied by marriage to the royal family of France; I will have the girl, good cousin, was the conquerour's reply: I will have the girl, and if I meet with the least opposition, I will drive you and your king of France together, out of the kingdom. The hero of modern times would have made to the full as decided, though perhaps a somewhat more civil speech. The weather became so bad, as we were leaving Dijon, and it rained so incessantly, that it would be idle in me to think of giving you any description from notes made at the time. We passed through Burgundy, and a part of Champagne, to as little purpose almost, as if we had been travelling through the wilds of North or South Carolina; with this difference, that the houses were every where tight and the accommodations good. I have been frequently at a loss, to conceive what the bad reputation of French inns in general, was owing to; they are frequently dirty indeed, and the doors and windows shut badly; and the *fille*, when she does appear, is not always pretty, but the people of the house are civil, the beds are good, and there is every where an abundance of excellent provisions, and particularly of good wine. The conversation I was able to have with the peasantry, convinced me, that they were universally better off than before the revolution; they are better clothed and fed, and have generally increased their little portion of property, by some fragment of a great estate, which has been sold in their neighbourhood. Every article they make

for sale, commands a higher price than formerly; nor are they burthened as they used to be, with the payment of tithes, or with feudal tenures, or oppressed by the holders of Capitainecies, whose game used to wander at pleasure, over the whole country. Arthur Young will give you a proper idea of this scourge, and of the evils that arose from it. It would seem, however, that with all the experience of past ages, the progress of improvement is but slow. The law which enjoins the division of a father's estate, in equal portions among his children, will keep the peasantry too poor, too ignorant of agriculture to bear the increasing weight of taxes; the second and third generations will lose the advantage obtained by the first, and the wretchedness of former times again come back. They appear universally to live in villages; we frequently saw what appeared the houses of country gentlemen; and sometimes passed a castle, which was generally in ruins: but there was nothing like those neat and comfortable farm houses, which I remember in England, and which are to be found in the eastern states of America. Ignorance and poverty will always expose the lower orders of society to the arts of designing men, and in France particularly, where the number of persons who answer to that description, is so great in proportion to the rest of the community; but as their minds will never have been sharpened by either Seigneurial or Ecclesiastical oppression, as the law will have protected them from every tyranny but that of the government, they may become once more, instruments of a revolution; but it is not probable, that any thing like the horrours of the Jaquerie, or like the atrocities which disgraced the cause of liberty in the late contest, will ever take place again. In passing through Montereau, we halted for a moment, on that part of the bridge where the Duke of Burgundy was assassinated, in the 15th century, by some gentlemen of the Armagnac faction, who had mingled in the Dauphin's train: every precaution had been taken for the safety of the two princes; but suspicion is vain, and precaution is useless, among those whom neither laws can restrain, nor honour bind. The Duke's own doctrine of assassination, which he had gilded with the happier term of Tyrannicide, was retorted upon him, and he fell a victim to his own bad example. We were now frequently on the banks of the Seine, and saw several large, clumsy barks, as long as ships of the line, descending, loaded with charcoal and provisions. I saw neither handsome country houses nor the villas of opulent merchants, nor the boxes of rich tradesmen, fast by the road, for the benefit of country air, nor travellers, nor equipage, nor any thing in short, which bespoke the approach of a capital; the environs of New-York and Philadelphia, and particularly of Boston have a great deal more of that appearance: at length, the towers of Notre Dame and domes of the Pantheon of the Invalids, presented themselves, intermixed with the spires of churches, and we shortly after entered the city, by the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, through mean and dirty streets, but over the ground which was so obstinately disputed by Turenne and Condè, in the war of Fronde; we passed close by the spot where the Bastile once stood, (and which might as well have remained, for any thing the nation has gained by pulling it down) and inclining to the right, proceeded by the Boulevards, to the street of la Ferme des Mathurins, where a small ready furnished house had been provided for us, with a cook, and a coachman, a person to the full as necessary as a cook, and to the full as expensive. The Boulevards compose a road leading originally round that part of Paris, which is to the north of the river, and on which was the intended line of defence, when the successes of Henry the 8th, in Picardy, threatened Paris with a siege—the city has for many years gone far beyond it, but the space has been judiciously left,

and is shaded with rows of lofty trees, which afford an agreeable walk or ride, while shops of every sort, and the smaller theatres, and traiteurs, and coffee-house keepers, and persons of all descriptions amuse, and sometimes, perhaps, mislead the passing stranger.

POLITE LITERATURE.

ON THE POETRY OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

(*Continued from page* 344.)

It has already been observed, that Goldsmith's language is remarkable for its general simplicity, and the direct and proper use of words. It has ornaments, but these are not far-fetched. The epithets employed are usually qualities strictly belonging to the subject, and the true colouring of the simple figure. They are frequently contrived to express a necessary circumstance in the description, and thus avoid the usual imputation of being expletive. Of this kind are, "*rattling* terrours of the *vengeful* snake;" "*indurated* heart;" "shed *intolerable* day;" "*matted* woods;" "*ventrous* ploughshare;" "*equinoctial* fervours." The examples are not few of that indisputable mark of true poetick language, where a single word conveys an image; as in these instances: "resignation gently *slopes* the way;" "*scoops out* an empire;" "the vessel idly waiting *flaps* with ev'ry gale;" "to *winnow* fragrance;" "murmurs *fluctuate* in the gale." All metaphor, indeed, does this in some degree; but where the accessory idea is either indistinct or incongruous, as frequently happens when it is introduced as an artifice to force language up to poetry, the effect is only a gaudy obscurity.

The *end* and *purpose* to which description is directed is what distinguishes a well-planned piece from a loose effusion; for though a vivid representation of striking objects will ever afford some pleasure, yet if aim and design be wanting, to give it a basis, and stamp it with the dignity of meaning, it will in a long performance prove flat and tiresome. But this is a want which cannot be charged on Goldsmith; for both the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village* have a great moral in view, to which the whole of the description is made to tend. I do not now inquire into the legitimacy of the conclusions he has drawn from his premises; it is enough to justify his plans, that such a purpose is included in them.

The versification of Goldsmith is formed on the general model that has been adopted since the refinement of English poetry, and especially since the time of Pope. To manage rhyme couplets so as to produce a pleasing effect upon the ear, has since that period been so common an attainment, that it merits no particular admiration. Goldsmith may, I think, be said to have come up to the usual standard of proficiency in this respect, without having much surpassed it. A musical ear, and a familiarity with the best examples, have enabled him, without much apparent study, almost always to avoid defect, and very often to produce excellence. It is no censure of this poet to say that his versification presses less on the attention than his matter. In fact, he has none of those peculiarities of versifying, whether improvements or not, that some who aim at distinction in this point have adopted. He generally suspends or closes the sense at the end of the line or of the couplet; and therefore does not often give examples of that greater compass and variety of melody which is obtained by longer clauses, or by breaking the coincidences of the cadence of sound and meaning. He also studiously rejects triplets and alexandrines. But allowing for the want of these sources of variety; he has sufficiently avoided monotony; and in the usual flow of his measure, he has gratified the ear with as much change, as judiciously shifting the line-pauses can produce.

Having made these general observations on the nature of Goldsmith's poetry, I proceed to a survey of his principal pieces.

The *Traveller*, or *Prospect of Society*, was first sketched out by the authour during a tour in Europe, great part of which he performed on foot, and in circumstances which afforded him the fullest means of becoming acquainted with the most numerous class in society, peculiarly termed *the people*. The date of the first edition is 1765. It begins in the gloomy mood natural to genius in distress, when wandering alone,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

After an affectionate and regretful glance to the peaceful seat of fraternal kindness, and some expressions of self-pity, the Poet sits down amid Alpine solitudes to spend a pensive hour in meditating on the state of mankind. He finds that the natives of every land regard their own with preference; whence he is led to this proposition,—that if we impartially compare the advantages belonging to different countries, we shall conclude that an equal portion of good is dealt to all the human race. He further supposes, that every nation, having in view one peculiar species of happiness, models life to that alone; whence this favourite kind, pushed to an extreme, becomes a source of peculiar evils. To exemplify this by instances, is the business of the subsequent descriptive part of the piece.

Italy is the first country that comes under review. Its general landscape is painted by a few characteristick strokes, and the felicity of its climate is displayed in appropriate imagery. The revival of arts and commerce in Italy, and their subsequent decline, are next touched upon; and hence is derived the present disposition of the people—easily pleased with splendid trifles, the wrecks of their former grandeur; and sunk into an enfeebled moral and intellectual character, reducing them to the level of children.

From these he turns with a sort of disdain, to view a nobler race, hardened by a rigorous climate, and by the necessity of unabating toil. These are the *Swiss*, who find, in the equality of their condition, and their ignorance of other modes of life, a source of content which remedies the natural evils of their lot. There cannot be a more delightful picture than the Poet has drawn of the Swiss peasant, going forth to his morning's labour, and returning at night to the bosom of domestick happiness. It sufficiently accounts for that *patriot passion* for which they have ever been so celebrated, and which is here described in lines that reach the heart, and is illustrated by a beautiful simile. But this state of life has also its disadvantages. The sources of enjoyment being few, a vacant listlessness is apt to creep upon the breast; and if nature urges to throw this off by occasional bursts of pleasure, no stimulus can reach the purpose but gross sensual debauch. Their morals, too, like their enjoyments, are of a coarse texture. Some sterner virtues hold high dominion in their breast, but all the gentler and more refined qualities of the heart, which soften and sweeten life, are exiled to milder climates.

To the more genial climate of *France* the Traveller next repairs, and in a very pleasing rural picture he introduces himself in the capacity of musician to a village party of dancers beside the murmuring Loire. The leading feature of this nation he represents as being the love of praise; which passion, while it inspires sentiments of honour, and a desire of pleasing, also affords a free course to folly, and nourishes vanity and ostentation. The soul, accustomed to depend for its happiness on foreign applause, shifts its principles with the change of fashion, and is a stranger to the value of self-approbation.

The strong contrast to this national character is sought in *Holland;* a most graphical description of the scenery presented by that singular country introduces the moral portrait of the people. From the necessity of unceasing labour, induced by their peculiar circumstances, a habit of industry has been formed, of which the natural consequence is a love of gain. The possession of exuberant wealth has given rise to the arts and conveniences of life; but at the same time

has introduced a crafty, cold, and mercenary temper, which sets every thing, even liberty itself, at a price. How different, exclaims the poet, from their Belgian ancestors; how different from the present race of Britain!

To Britain, then, he turns, and begins with a slight sketch of the country, in which, he says, the mildest charms of creation are combined,

"Extremes are only in the master's mind."

He then draws a very striking picture of a stern, thoughtful, independent freeman, a creature of reason, unfashioned by the common forms of life, and loose from all its ties;—and this he gives as the representative of the English character. A society formed by such unyielding self-dependent beings, will naturally be a scene of violent political contests, and ever in a ferment with party. And a still worse fate awaits it; for the ties of nature, duty, and love failing, the fictitious bonds of wealth and law must be employed to hold together such a reluctant association; whence the time may come, that valour, learning, and patriotism may all lie levelled in one sink of avarice. These are the ills of freedom; but the poet, who would only repress to secure, goes on to deliver his ideas of the cause of such mischiefs, which he seems to place in the usurpations of aristocratical upon regal authority; and with great energy he expresses his indignation at the oppressions the poor suffer from their petty tyrants. This leads him to a kind of anticipation of the subject of his *Deserted Village*, where, laying aside the politician, and resuming the poet, he describes, by a few highly pathetick touches, the depopulated fields, the ruined village, and the poor forlorn inhabitants driven from their beloved home, and exposed to all the perils of the transatlantick wilderness. It is by no means my intention to enter into a discussion of GOLDSMITH's political opinions, which bear evident marks of confused notions and a heated imagination. I shall confine myself to a remark upon the English national character, which will apply to him in common with various other writers, native and foreign.

This country has long been in the possession of more unrestrained freedom of thinking and acting, than any other perhaps that ever existed, a consequence of which has been, that all those peculiarities of character, which in other nations remain concealed in the general mass, have here stood forth prominent and conspicuous; and these, being from their nature calculated to draw attention, have by superficial observers been mistaken for the general character of the people. This has been particularly the case with political distinction. From the publicity of all proceedings in the legislative part of our constitution, and the independence with which many act, all party differences are strongly marked, and publick men take their side with openness and confidence. Publick topicks, too, are discussed by all ranks; and whatever seeds there are in any part of the society of spirit and activity, have full opportunity of germinating. But to imagine that these busy and high-spirited characters compose a majority of the community, or perhaps a much greater proportion than in other countries, is a delusion. This nation, as a body, is, like all others, characterised by circumstances of its situation; and a rich commercial people, long trained to society, inhabiting a climate where many things are necessary to the comfort of life, and under a government abounding with splendid distinctions, cannot possibly be a knot of philosophers and patriots.

To return from this digression. Though it is probable that few of GOLDSMITH's readers will be convinced, even from the instances he has himself produced, that the happiness of mankind is every where equal; yet all will feel the force of the truly philosophical sentiment which concludes the piece—that man's chief bliss is ever seated in his mind; and that a small part of real felicity con-

sists in what human governments can either bestow or withhold.

The *Deserted Village*, first printed in 1769, is the companion-piece of the Traveller, formed, like it, upon a plan which unites description with sentiment, and employs both in inculcating a political moral. It is a view of the prosperous and ruined state of a country village, with reflections on the causes of both. Such it may be defined in prose; but the disposition, management, and colouring of the piece, are all calculated for poetical effect. It begins with a delightful picture of *Auburn* when inhabited by a happy people. The view of the village itself, and the rural occupations and pastimes of its simple natives, is in the best style of painting by a selection of characteristick circumstances. It is immediately contrasted by a similar bold sketch of its ruined and desolated condition. Then succeeds an imaginary state of England, in a kind of golden age of equality; with its contrast likewise. The apostrophe that follows, the personal complaint of the poet, and the portrait of a sage in retirement, are sweetly sentimental touches, that break the continuity of description.

He returns to *Auburn*, and having premised another masterly sketch of its two states, in which the images are chiefly drawn from sounds, he proceeds to what may be called the interiour history of the village. In his first figure he has tried his strength with Dryden. The *parish-priest* of that great poet, improved from Chaucer, is a portrait full of beauty, but drawn in a loose, unequal manner, with the flowing vein of digressive thought and imagery that stamps his style. The subject of the draught, too, is considerably different from that of GOLDSMITH, having more of the ascetick and mortified cast, in conformity to the saintly model of the Roman Catholick priesthood. The pastor of *Auburn* is more *human*, but is not on that account a less venerable and interesting figure; though I know not whether all will be pleased with his familiarity with vicious characters, which goes beyond the purpose of mere reformation. The description of him in his professional character is truly amiable; and the similes of the bird instructing his young to fly, and the tall cliff rising above the storm, have been universally applauded. The first, I believe, is original;—the second is not so, though it has probably never been so well drawn and applied. The subsequent sketches of the village schoolmaster and alehouse, are close imitations of nature in low life, like the pictures of Teniers and Hogarth. Yet even these humourous scenes slide imperceptibly into sentiment and pathos; and the comparison of the simple pleasures of the poor, with the splendid festivities of the opulent, rises to the highest style of moral poetry. Who has not felt the force of that reflection,

"The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?"

The writer then falls into a strain of reasoning against luxury and superfluous wealth, in which the sober inquirer will find much serious truth, though mixed with poetical exaggeration. The description of the contrasted scenes of magnificence and misery in a great metropolis, closed by the pathetick figure of the forlorn ruined female, is not to be surpassed.

Were not the subjects of GOLDSMITH's description so skilfully varied, the uniformity of manner, consisting in an enumeration of single circumstances, generally depicted in single lines, might tire; but where is the reader who can avoid being hurried along by the swift current of imagery, when to such a passage as the last succeeds a landscape fraught with all the sublime terrours of the torrid zone;—and then, an exquisitely tender history-piece of the departure of the villagers; concluded with a group (slightly touched indeed) of allegorical personages? A noble address to the genius of poetry, in which is compressed the moral of the whole, gives a dignified finishing to the work.

If we compare these two principal

poems of GOLDSMITH, we may say, that the *Traveller* is formed upon a more regular plan, has a higher purpose in view, more abounds in thought, and in the expression of moral and philosophical ideas; the *Deserted Village* has more imagery, more variety, more pathos, more of the peculiar character of poetry. In the first, the moral and natural descriptions are more general and elevated; in the second, they are more particular and interesting. Both are truly original productions; but the *Deserted Village* has less peculiarity, and indeed has given rise to imitations which may stand in some parallel with it; while the *Traveller* remains a *unique*.

With regard to GOLDSMITH's other poems, a few remarks will suffice. The *Hermit*, printed in the same year with the Traveller, has been a very popular piece, as might be expected of a tender tale prettily told. It is called a *Ballad*, but I think with no correct application of that term, which properly means a story related in language either naturally or affectedly rude and simple. It has been a sort of fashion to admire these productions; yet in the really ancient ballads, for one stroke of beauty, there are pages of insipidity and vulgarity; and the imitations have been pleasing in proportion as they approached more finished compositions. In GOLDSMITH's *Hermit*, the language is always polished and often ornamented. The best things in it are some neat turns of moral and pathetick sentiment, given with a simple conciseness that fits them for being retained in the memory. As to the story, it has little fancy or contrivance to recommend it.

We have already seen that GOLDSMITH possessed humour; and, exclusively of his comedies, pieces professedly humourous form a part of his poetical remains. His imitations of Swift are happy, but they *are* imitations. His tale of the *Double Transformation* may vie with those of Prior. His own natural vein of easy humour flows freely in his *Haunch of Venison* and *Retaliation*; the first, an admirable specimen of a very ludicrous story made out of a common incident by the help of conversation and character; the other, an original thought, in which his talent at drawing portraits, with a mixture of the serious and the comick, is most happily displayed.

For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Chapman's popular work, "Select Speeches, Forensick and Parliamentary," is now before the publick. This useful and elegant compilation has been more than once described in this Journal; but the nature and objects of this liberal undertaking are so copiously detailed by the compiler, that we shall probably render him some service by publishing his preface entire. It is a mere act of justice to him, and to his subscribers, to state that it is the only complete work of the kind in the language.

PREFACE.

OF all the studies which can engage Industry, or allure Genius, perhaps that of eloquence is the most enchanting. To this delightful occupation the Editor has devoted some of his time, and all his zeal. The result of his labours is now laid before the publick, and though he may receive but limited applause for the execution, yet, he hopes that the design may escape censure. He presumes, but not vainly, that he has not been forestalled in this literary undertaking. Notwithstanding the choice and variety of materials, the enterprise and judgment of booksellers, and the liberal curiosity of enlightened readers; notwithstanding national pride and individual vanity, no ample specimen of forensick and parliamentary eloquence has ever appeared even in the metropolis of the British Empire.

Distinguished as Ireland certainly is, by glorious efforts of

the most impassioned oratory she has been supinely negligent of her fairest fame, and the busy curiosity of Dublin, and the more judicious inquisitiveness of her University, have been satisfied with the garbled and meagre reports of the speeches of Malone, of Flood, of Burgh, and of Grattan.

Scotland, a region abounding with acute and eloquent speakers, and conspicuous alike for her Faculty of Advocates, and her General Assembly, has also been careless to preserve the monuments of her eloquence.

Even in France, so memorable for the vivacity and copiousness of her rhetorick, we might inquire in vain for some of the most brilliant effusions of her Parliament and her Convention.

In short, though in many sections of Europe, single speeches in fugitive pamphlets, may have been accidentally, gratuitously, or venally preserved, nothing like a collection has hitherto been compiled by Industry, or selected by Taste.

The Editor, trusting to diligence alone, hopes, not without anxiety, that by the publication of this work he is rendering an acceptable service to the republick of letters. With the volumes now presented to the publick, he completes that portion of the work which is appropriated to the eloquence of Europe. He may, at a future period, not too remote, add to the collection, a volume of American speeches; and if he receive adequate encouragement, he will cheerfully, at proper intervals, continue the series. Eager to vindicate the insulted genius of his native land, he is sensible that in no way can it be done more successfully than by *exhibiting its eloquence*. For, if *our writers* form but a small company, the regiment of our *speakers* is full. It may be safely affirmed, that since the Athenian democracy, with no people has the talent of publick speaking so generally prevailed. Eloquence of the highest order, and the purest species, we may not have attained. But though we have not emulated those lofty strains and brilliant effusions which the ancient specimens display, or are to be seen in some of the spirited harangues that the momentous events of modern Europe have inspired, yet in that style of oratory which shines without dazzling, and charms rather than excites astonishment or kindles enthusiasm, we are extensively gifted and eminently excel. There have been, perhaps, brighter luminaries, but not a greater constellation. Collectively, we are entitled to boast of as much eloquence as has been exhibited in any age or country.

A well-grounded conviction of the value of a compilation like the present, induced the Editor to take a wide survey of the Rhetorick of Europe. His researches, though sometimes baffled, have, on the whole, been rewarded with a success very disproportioned to the moderate expectations with which he commenced his task. From the cabinets of the curious, and from the hoards of "literary misers," he drew indeed such a profusion of materials as to have ultimately imposed upon him rather the perplexity of selection than the toil of gleaning. But, still, some speeches which he studiously endeavoured to procure, have eluded his inquiries, and he fears are irretrievably lost.* Neverthe-

* Although the Editor has omitted no practicable mode of research; though he has availed himself of the very valuable as-

less, the Editor pronounces with some degree of confidence, that his collection will be found to contain not a few of the noblest specimens of eloquence which at the bar, or in the senate, have delighted, roused, defended, or governed mankind.

The volumes now published, embrace the whole of the *revised speeches* of Burke which are contained in the recent edition of his works; more than has before appeared of Chatham's; many of the speeches of Fox and Pitt; several of Mansfield's; the two *memorable speeches* of Sheridan on the trial of Hastings; *all of the pleadings* of Erskine and of Curran which are *faithfully* reported; the best speeches on the *slave trade; M'Intosh's* celebrated *defence of Peltier*, besides a large selection of *Irish eloquence*, and some speeches of the "olden time."

This catalogue, so rich and so various, surely requires only to be exhibited to give a pledge, at once, of the value of the work, and of the care and exertion with which it has been prepared.

In the collation of the contents of these volumes, the editor, rejecting vague reports, and newspaper authority, has been particularly solicitous to select such orations and pleadings, as have undergone the revision, or been published under the superintendance of the authour. He has been sedulous to follow with fidelity the text, nor ever presumed foolishly, if not flagitiously, to interpolate the copy; a practice, which of late, has become a sort of fashion in America, to the confusion of authours, and to the prejudice of learning.

He has made indisputable evidence of the genuineness of every speech, the criterion of his choice, and has admitted no one into the work, which is not distinguished either by importance of matter or brilliancy of diction.

Without hazarding a decision of his own, on the question of the superiority of ancient or modern eloquence, he trusts that this compilation will not be thought to weaken the opinion that, were a collection of the best specimens of the latter to be formed, it might fearlessly challenge a comparison with the celebrated exhibitions of Grecian and Roman oratory.

Of the pretensions of the work to publick favour, the Editor conceives little more need be said.

It is an attempt, and the only one, to perpetuate Modern Eloquence.

What direct memorial, says a late writer,* would remote posterity have received, even of the existence of the talent, were not a few of Mr. Burke's Orations incorporated with his works? But, gorgeous as is certainly the rhetotick of Edmund Burke, will his speeches alone convey an adequate representation of the extent, variety, and richness of the eloquence of modern times?

It presents at one view to the Lawyer and the Statesman, a map of learned and lucid discussions of politicks and jurisprudence, which must be eminently subsidiary to his investigations, and which, as hitherto dispersed, were always difficult of access, and in many instances not to be procured.

sistance of one of the most diligent inquirers among the Literati of Great Britain, and publickly advertised, and privately written for the necessary documents, he has been disappointed in his attempts to obtain the speeches of Lord Lyttleton the younger, the famous Harangue of William Gerard Hamilton; the speeches of Charles Townsend; the pleadings of Murray, Thurlow, Wedderburne, Dunning, and Anthony Malone!

* Dr. Parr.

It will exhibit correct models for the study of Elocution to the rising genius of the country.

Whether we have regard to reputation or to utility, whether we wish to shine in private conversation or publick speaking, the study of the *finest models* is vital to success. These are the guides by which genius must be directed, and without which the strongest intellect may be fruitlessly or deviously employed. It has been no less justly, than elegantly asserted by an admirable instructor* of the most correct and delicate taste in the liberal arts, and who rigorously observed his own maxims, "that an implicit obedience to the rules of art, as established by the great masters, should be exacted from the juvenile student. When genius has received its utmost improvement, rules may possibly be dispensed with. But let us not destroy the scaffold, until we have raised the building."

These are precepts which seem no less applicable to the study of eloquence. They are, at least the precepts which are enjoined by the highest authority of antiquity. Both Cicero and Quintilian exhort their pupils to adhere to the *established models* lest they fall into a wild licentiousness of taste.

"Poeta nascitur, *Orator fit.*" The orator is the creature of education.

By a system of rhetorical discipline, Bolingbroke and Pultney, Murray and Pitt, Lyttleton and Burke, Townshend and Fox, attained their glorious preeminence, and alternately at the desk or the toilet, in conversation or in council, were able to convince, to persuade, to dazzle, and to delight.

The student, who with a mixture of enthusiasm and industry shall "*med tate*" the contents of this work can hardly fail to acquire the habit of *conversing* and *speaking* with elegance and energy.

Whatever tends to improve or widen the dominion of speech cannot be, to a free people, an object of indifference. Eloquence has always been admired and studied, but never with more ardour and success than by republicans. It engages particularly their attention, because it opens to them the widest avenue to distinction. Compared to it, the influence of the other attributes which elevate to rank, or confer authority is feeble and insignificant. In Greece and Rome it rose by assiduous culture to the loftiest pitch of refinement, and the history of those Commonwealths confirms, by innumerable proofs, the truth that "Eloquence is power."

But nowhere has a condition of things prevailed holding out stronger incitements to its acquirement, or more auspicious opportunities for its profitable exertions than in the United States. In the peculiar construction of our political institutions, there are advantages to the oratour which did not belong even to the ancient democracies. The complex fabrick of our federative system, has multiplied beyond the example of any government, legislative assemblies and judiciary establishments: each of which is not only a school of eloquence, but a field yielding an abundant harvest of fame and emolument. It is, indeed, in our Republick a never-failing source both of honour and of riches. Without the charmful power of fluent speech, no man, however ambitious, can expect very ample or lucrative practice at the bar, or an elevated situation in the senate. The road to political preferment is

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

nearly impassable to all but the rhetorical adventurer. A silent lawyer has but few fees, and narrow is the congregation of a hesitating divine. Eloquence, in the language of a favourite friend, may truly be considered, in every country where the *freedom of speech* is indulged, as synonimous with civick honours, wealth, dignity, and might. In the last particular its potency is that of a magician. "It wields at will our *fierce Democratie.*" "It shakes the arsenals" and thunders to the utmost verge of our political sky, as Demosthenes

"—— *Fulmined* over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

The editor, in preparing this compilation for the press, felt none of the incitements of literary ambition, nor does he now arrogate any of the pretensions of authorship. The motives, which led him to undertake it, were of a very different kind. He contemplated it as an enterprise, certainly of a useful, splendid, and honourable nature, peculiarly calculated to recreate his leisure, and to deceive the burthens of an anxious and arduous profession.

Having thus, incidentally, alluded to his walk in life, he hopes that neither his medical brethren, nor the publick at large, will deem him a *reprehensible* wanderer, though, in the *intervals* of professional duty, he has excursed to the Bar or the Senate to make no inaccurate report of the dexterity of wit, and the dictates of wisdom, the sagacity of statesmen, and the eloquence of oratours.

By the mythology of the ancients, which has often a fine, though not always an obvious moral, we are instructed that the study and practice of physick was most conspicuously connected with the love of the liberal arts, and of polite literature.

In a mood of no censurable enthusiasm may the Editor exclaim, as to an Apollo, the tutelary god not only of the disciples of Esculapius, but of the votaries of the Muses,

"Phœbe fave, novus ingreditur tua templa sacerdos."

The Editor trusts, perhaps too sanguinely, that though the contents of this compilation may not equal extravagant expectation, yet, at least, that the industry it displays may deserve publick favour. A splendid specimen of oratory, like one of the Cartoons of Raphael, or one of the Landscapes of Claude, is a beautiful picture that will affect us, however it *be disposed.* Materials such as form the basis of this work must have their value under the hand of the humblest workman. Here, as we alternately mark the pure style, and purer doctrines of Pitt, the rapid elocution of Fox, the variegated imagery of Burke, the meteor scintillations of Curran, the pungent sarcasms of Sheridan, and the benignant sentiments of Wilberforce, we discover now the vigour of Hercules, and now the frolick of a Bacchant, with all the delightful shapes of mental grace and beauty.

The price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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